

*The history*

*Hell.* Commend me to your neece.

*Pand.* I will sweet Queene.

*Sound a retreat*

*Par.* Theit come from the field: let vs, to Priames Hall  
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,  
To helpe vi-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles  
With this your white enchaunting fingers touch;  
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,  
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more  
Then all the Hand-Kinges, disarm great *Hector*.

*Hell.* Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,

Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.

Yea ouershines our selfe.

*Par.* Sweet aboute thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

*Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.*

*Pand.* How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?

*Man.* No sir staves for you to conduct him thither.

*Pand.* O heere he comes: how now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pand.* Haue you seene my Cousine?

*Troy.* No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore  
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes  
Staying for wantage, O be thou my Charon,  
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,  
VWhere I may wallow in the lilly beds  
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,  
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,  
And flye with me to *Cressid*.

*Pand.* VValke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,  
Th' imaginary relish is so sweete,  
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be  
When that the watry pallats taste indeed  
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me  
Sounding destruction, or some ioy to syne,  
To subtil, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse  
For the capacity of my ruder powers;  
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides.

*That*

*of Troylus and*

That I shall loose distinction in  
As doth a battaile, when they  
The enemy flying.

*Pand.* Shees making her re-  
must be witty now, she does so  
short as if shee were fraid with  
prettiest villaine, she fetches her  
sparrow.

*Troy.* Euen such a passion do  
My heart beats thicker then a  
And all my powers do their best  
Like vassalage at vnwares en-  
the eye of maiesty.

*Pand.* Come, come, what n-  
Shames a babie; heere shee is  
her that you haue sworne to n-  
you must be watcht ere you b-  
your waies come your waies,  
put you ith' filles: why doe  
draw this curtaine, and lets se-  
how leath you are to offend  
close sooner: so so, rub on an-  
a kisse in fee-farme: build the  
Nay, you shall fight your hea-  
con, as the tercels: for all the

*Troy.* You haue bereft me

*Pand.* Words pay no debts  
reave you ath' deeds too if sh-  
what billing again: heeres in  
terchangeably. Come in co

*Cres.* Will you walke in m

*Troy.* O *Cressed* how often

*Cres.* Wist my Lord? the g

*Troy.* What should they gra-  
ruption: what to curious dreg  
fountaine of our loue?

*Cres.* More dregs then w

*Troy.* Feares make diuels o